

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN. N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1921

HELIGOLAND WOULD BELONG TO ENGLAND

Island/ Seethes With Hatred
of Germany, While British
Demolition of Her Fortifi-
cations Ruins the Bathing
Beach Business.

(By Allen Wilson Porterfield in New
York Evening Post.)

Heligoland is the most remarkable pile
of red and white sandstone and blue
limestone in the world. It lies in the
North Sea, twenty-eight miles from the
mainland, and though inhabited by only
three thousand people, it at present the
scene of a popular uprising which, from
the point of view of the political oasison,
makes the Emerald Isle seem like a nur-
sery of peace. For the Heligolandians
only feel that the home government in
Berlin, is according to them such unbecom-
ing treatment that they should secede,
but they are determined to thick-
en the plot even more, insisting on being
made part of England. They have ap-
pealed to the League of Nations, but
that body has not yet been able to hand
down a decision. For, after all, it is

more than a stray boulder in the sea and
a hostload of people involved.
Though a small place, Heligoland has
a big history. Its greatest length is just
a mile, its greatest breadth less than a
third of a mile, its average height 200
feet. Yet is on this rock sticking out
of the sea that the pagan King Radbod
once lived. Here Hertha, the most ac-
complished lady of Norse mythology, is
said to have had her temple. And it
was here that Willibrod first preached
Christianity to such sea rovers as docked
at the lower end of this little Gili-
raltar when the storms became too vio-
lent even for them.

Hence it is called "Heligoland," or
"Holy Land," though reputable philo-
logists today claim that its original name
was Hallaglan, or "land of banks." Just
how it is on a way to become known
as "holigian land," for the spirit of dis-
content stalks abroad up there, where the
Kaiser once poured 200,000 tons of con-
crets merely to have safe mountings
for his heaviest guns.

Recent History of the Rock.

From 1807 to 1890 Heligoland belong-
ed to England. In 1890 it was ceded to
Germany in return for the African pro-
vince of Witu. At the time no one knew
whether Germany had traded a whole
suit for a button or not.

Today it is a question on which every
one can express an opinion.
In 1892 it became a part of Schleswig-
Holstein. Then it was that the Kaiser
began to mix cement. Heligoland be-
came in time the most renowned fort-
ress in the world. Diesel motors drove
fresh air into the subterranean gun beds
and electricity did the rest.

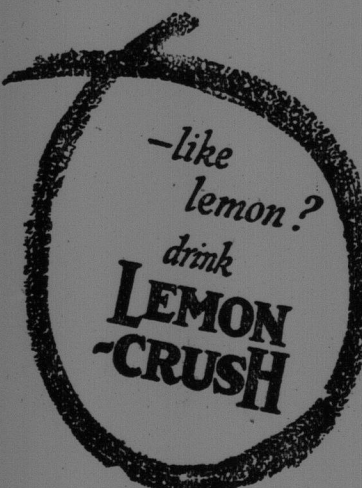
An electric car carried surface pas-
sengers from one end to the island to the
other, elevators took officers who came
diesel from the chief of staff's office in
Berlin up and down through the three
stories, while off at the lower end was
the spacious hotel in which the summer
visitors lived, to the number of about
twenty thousand a season, who came to
enjoy one of Europe's best bathing
beaches.

Then came August 1, 1914. Without a
moment's notice the natives, who speak
a Frisian dialect that only they can un-
derstand, were packed up and shipped
to Hamburg, where they were obliged
to stay for nearly five years. The island
became what Capri and Hohenlohe had
known it would some day become—the
most advanced and most powerful of
German forts. What it cost the Allies
during the war no man can tell. Suffice
to say England would possibly have
been willing, in 1914 or the following
years, to pay all her African possessions,
with a special bonus attached to Witu,
for having that little rock again.

November 11, 1918, the Heligolandians
were shipped back from Hamburg to
their ruined homes in the sea. The
trouble began then and there. The prop-
erty owners sent in their claims against
the Prussian government and have thus
far received, on their own account, not-
ing but notes that are not legal tender.
Moreover, they have been obliged to pay
taxes, a diversion in which they had not
indulged, since Heligoland belonged to
mythological peoples.

"Disarmament" Enrages Them.
And worst of all is the task of disar-
mament. Marshal Foch handed the
German a brief out in the Compiègne
Forest on November 9 which informed
the sovereigns of Heligoland that their
pet rock must be rendered innocuous.
The Treaty of Versailles told how this
was to be done. The English admiralty
undertook the job. We have the im-
pression—indeed, newspapers have told
us—that Heligoland is already com-
pletely dismantled. The English, who are
doing the work, however, claim—and
they should know—that it cannot pos-
sibly be completed before 1923. It has
to be done as carefully as a dentist pre-
pares a tooth for a filling. If a great
mine could be exploded in the interior
that would blow the guns out into the
sea it would all be quite simple; you
would not even have to pick up loose
pieces of scrap iron. But do this and
the whole island will be split. And (we
might as well be frank about it) that is
not desirable even in this age of disar-
mament, for in naval warfare Heligoland
is a tough nut to crack. Then there are
the Danes, who have protested against
the wholesale destruction of Heligoland,
for their fishermen must have a port to
tie up to when the gale comes.

The natives, who now claim that they
never suspected they were living on the
top of such instruments of destruction,
are piqued at this long drawn out work
of disarmament. The noise, dirt and



danger connected therewith are not in-
creasing the popularity of their bathing
resort, on which they have long depend-
ed for their living. They hate any man
who even looks like a German. But the
Germans have made up ninety per cent.
of their guests. And now the Germans
say, "Very well; if you hate us so we
will go somewhere else—and you can
go wild picks," as a number of the na-
tive males are privileged to do as assist-
ants to the English marines.
The result is that the Heligolandians
appointed a commission of sixty-two
men—a veritable parliament, in fact—
to draft an ultimatum to Berlin and
submit a report to the League of Na-
tions. One sentence of the ultimatum is
a gem to have come from the inhabit-
ants of a rock: "We Heligolandians see
now that you Germans have learned
nothing from your mistaken policies in
Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein, Up-
per Silesia, and Poland. Otherwise you
would have accepted the demands in-
spired and proposed by 3,000 loyal
citizens of Heligoland."
The matter is now before the League
of Nations. It all looks like a farce, but
it isn't. The world can still use
Heligoland. And if this one is care-
fully "destroyed," it can be carefully re-
built.

TENDER CARE FOR SICK CHILDREN

One Hundred Spent Happy
Summer — Now Back in
Hospital.

(Toronto Telegram.)

The good ship "John Hanlan" brought
in a precious load to Bay street wharf
this morning. One hundred little folks
were returning to the Hospital for Sick
Children after a summer spent at the
Lakeside Home at the Island.
They presented a decided improved
appearance to the little white faced pa-
tients who left the city a few months
ago. Cheeks were sun-tanned and had a
hint of rose-color, and some of them
were so well that they fairly skipped
ashore. Each one had a top or book.
One little chap was eager to try his
cruet on the gang plank alone, but he
was willing to be helped by Law-
rence Solman, who was on hand to see
that all went well for the little ones
while in care of the Perry Co.

There were a score of nurses and
several house doctors. And then the
kindly Shriners, under the direction of



'Baby's Own Soap'
A Sanitary wash
A Soft healthy skin
A lingering fragrance

"It's Best for Baby
and Best for You."

Albert Soap Limited, Mpls., Minn.

President Charles Soady, and A. C.
Scott, secretary Ramblers' Motor Club,
tenderly lifted the little ones into their
motor cars, to whisk them off to the
hospital.

The large number of the children lay
on their backs, wrapped up in grey

blankets, and strapped to stretchers.
They would smile up trustfully to the
men who lifted them into the cars, and
who were so careful that no jar should
increase their pain. Miss Potts, super-
intendent, saw to it that a nurse or a
doctor went in every car.

George Howard was the most favor-
ed of the little ones, for he had his own
daddy to carry him ashore, and mother
was there, too, with the new baby that
George hadn't seen before. The doc-
tor assisted his father, because the
stretcher and its precious burden was
just a little heavy for a man who had
been hurt in the war.

Clarence was quite the pet of the
party. He looked adorable in his pink
rompers, and he could salute both in a
military and in a naval fashion. Simon
was talking eagerly to the boys on either
side of him, and nurse whispered that
two years ago Simon couldn't speak a
word of English, and now he talks just
like any other little Canadian boy. He
is an Indian and came to hospital from
a Hudson's Bay post away up in North-
western Ontario.

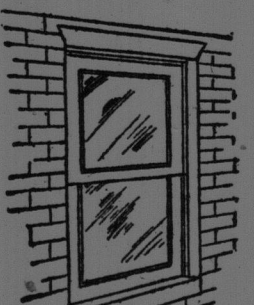
**BOYS GIVE CERTAIN SIGN
THAT SUMMER IS WANNING**
(Toronto Globe.)

Toronto boys have started to look into
the chestnut trees for their annual loot.
They are getting impatient with Nature's
steady, but to their minds slow, process
of maturing the green, prickly rinds.
In High Park and in Queen's Park they
were busy yesterday throwing
sticks and stones at the half-matured
chestnuts, helping Mother Nature to get



on her way with the harvest which will
show her the ground within a few weeks.
Besides the autumnal blast which
comes in over Lake Ontario these nights,
the boys have re-established an unfa-
iling sign that summer's best season is gone,
and that cooler days are not far distant.

Use Old Dutch Cleanser



**Cleans
Windows and
Mirrors**

Just put a small
amount of Old
Dutch in a dry
folded cloth.
Clean thoroughly;
no rewiping
necessary.

Saves time and
labor; economi-
cal; efficient.



Made in Canada

Game License Is the Call of the Moose

Get Your Big Game
License at

Geo. W. Morrell's
Haymarket Square

Infants—Mothers
Thousands testify
Horlick's
The Original
Malted Milk.

Upbuilds and sustains the body
No Cooking or Milk required
Used for 75 of a Century.
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

**USE The Want
Ad Way**



Buy

MILLBANK
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

in the handy
package of
twenty-five
Cigarettes for

35¢

also in packets
of ten

KING COLE
ORANGE PEKOE
TEA

**"I love a good
cup of Tea"**

—is an expression
frequently heard.

And how delicious a really good cup of tea is!

It can be yours every day with **King Cole
Orange Pekoe**—rich mellow flavor with a
character entirely its own.

Endorsed by thousands of users as "the Extra" in Choice Tea"

MUTT AND JEFF—THE LITTLE FELLOW TALKS HIMSELF INTO FREE BOARD AND LODGING - - - - - By "BUD" FISHER

